

*Polkas and Minuets*  
*As Sung By*

MRS. FRANKLIN

at the New York SACRED MUSIC Society's Concerts

*Written by*  
BARRY CORNWALL

Composed & Dedicated to

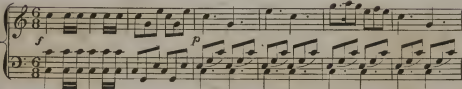
*Mrs. A. F. Larimer*

By the

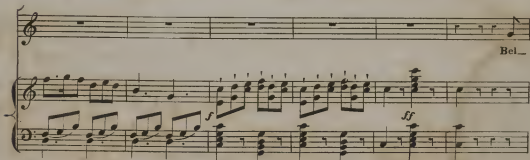
REV. R. DAWSON.

New York FIRTH HALL & CO 1 Franklin Sq.

ALLEGRO.



*f* *p*



Bel—

*f* *ff*

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1834 by Firth Hall & Pond, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

-shazzar is King, Belshazzar is Lord, and a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board, Fruits

glisten, flower's blossoms steam and a flood Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood. Gay

dancers are there, and a riot of mirth, And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth! And the

crowd all shout, Till the vast roofs ring, All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the King! all

praise to Belshazzar Belshazzar the King.

trava

loco.

2

"Bring forth" cries the monarch the vessels of Gold  
Which my father tore down from the temple of old.

blown

Bring forth, and we'll drink while the trumpet is blown,  
To Gods of, bright silver, of gold, and of stone;  
Bring forth, and before him the vessels all shine,  
And he bows unto Baal and drinks the dark wine.

bray

While the trumpets bray and the cymbals ring,

Belshazzar the King

Praise praise to Belshazzar Belshazzar the King.

3

Now what cometh? look, look! without menace or call,

bright hand on the wall

Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?  
What pierceth the King like the point of a dart,

from his cheek to his heart

What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

"Chaldeans, magicians the letters expound."

Belshazzar is dead on the ground

They are read and Belshazzar is dead on the ground.

Hark the Persians come on a Conquerers wing

on the throne of Belshazzar the King

And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the King.

